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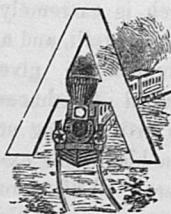
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RAILWAY FACETIÆ.



GREAT many things happen when a man is on his travels. If it is but to go up Fifth Avenue in a 'bus, or down the Bowery in a car, or out on the Camden and Amboy, or a stretch over the Erie to the West, something will "turn up" to afford food for gossip and reminiscence. We have traveled "some," as the Illinois chap says; and could relate several things for the amusing side of the mouth, if JOHN PHÆNIX would lend us his pen. Of course he will not do that, for his pen *is* mightier than his sword, and he would as soon think of throwing up his army commission as of resigning his "goose." Well, JOHN, keep your instrument, and keep "doing things" for the amusement of the public—we shall try and get along without stealing your arms. We will endeavor to "re-consider" on our own responsibility.

On one of our Western roads is a conductor named "John," who is quite attentive to his business, and never loses an opportunity to "sell" a hanger-on, or a friend in pursuit of "the elephant." Coming into "port" one day with a full train, a friend came up and said—"Well, John, what's aboard to-day?" "What's a *board*?" A board is a board whether it is bored or not." "Oh, come, none of your joking; I want to know who's aboard," persisted the friend. "Who's aboard? Well, I believe *I* am as badly a bored man as you ever saw! But, ah!" said John, with a sly wink of his eye, "I understand you now; — (naming a *big gun*) is on the train." "You don't say!" said the delighted friend. "I have an axe to grind, as the saying is, and if you will introduce me I will go on to the next station with you." "Certainly I will," said John. So the friend, highly elated, got on the train, and off it went. After awhile John came around for the fare. "How far are you going?" said he to his guest. "Why, I don't know. I want to talk with Mr. —, and shall stay with you until I have had the talk out." "With Mr. —! What —?" said the surprised John. "Why, Hon. —, who, you said, was on the train." "And he is on the biggest *train* in Dayton you ever saw. I didn't say he was on *this* train," said John, very innocently. The friend got off at the next station, a sadder and a wiser man.

One day John found a fellow in a green

baize coat occupying a whole seat, with his huge boots thrust out in the aisle, much to its obstruction. "Ticket!" says John. The fellow "forked over" the card. "We charge for extra baggage," said John; "you have *two* trunks." "Two TRUNKS!" screamed the man; "why, I haven't nary a trunk." "No trunk! what do you call them but two trunks?" said John, pointing to the huge boots; "ten cents extra, sir!" The astonished fellow pulled in his feet, pulled out his purse, and paid the dime. At the next station John was seen to "stand treat" with the man with two trunks, and so the dime was *absorbed*.

Passing up the Pennsylvania road, a short time since, a man with a long-limbed, lean, wolfish-looking dog got in the cars at L—, bound for Illinois. The conductor coming around discovered the dog, and demanded half fare for him. "Three dollars for a dog!" said the owner; "why, I never heard of such a thing—can't pay it, sir—dog aint worth it." "Can't help it," said Railroad; "our rules are to charge half fare for dogs found in the coaches." "Now, look here, conductor," said the traveler, "this animal is the all-firedest thing to run you ever did see; and I'll give you a half dollar just to let me tie him to this kear." "Very well," said the conductor. So the beast was led to the rear of the car, dropped overboard, and tied to one of the stanchions of the platform—the train going up a heavy grade at the time, and, consequently, moving rather slow. Having seen all right, the traveler paid the half dollar and resumed his seat, apparently well pleased. Arriving at the next station, he went out to see "Old Grim." There he hung, nothing but the head, neck, and fore-quarters left—all the rest of the dog had disappeared! The "feelinks" of the owner of that piece of a dog can be better imagined than described. Turning to the crowd of laughing by-standers, he said: "Oh, laugh, ye cussed fools; but I'll swear if this aint the first time Grim didn't do what was expected on him." We had heard of tying a dog to a train, but never before realized the completeness of the "joke" until we looked upon the remains of what was old Grim. The conductor "remitted" the fifty cents for Grim's *fare*.

On an Ohio road is a station of hard name. When the conductors arrive there they sing out, "Twenty minutes to get mad in!" Ten minutes generally suffice, for hungry men "on a train" are not apt to be silent with muddy coffee and "that same piece of beef."

This reminds us of a meagre, forlorn place on the Wheeling road, where a passenger, weighing something like three hundred pounds, and occupying a whole seat, cried out to one of the *citizens*: "What place is this?" "Starvation!" was the answer; "won't you leave a hundred pounds or so for general consumption?" Down went the window, although the thermometer was 858 in the car. Another chap, who was going to be very sharp, asked a lean citizen "what pork was worth?" "Good pork is ten cents, but such bores as you don't pass inspection," was the cool reply. The train got out of the way as quickly as possible, for fear of another "collision" with that citizen.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

THEN the occidental Autumns, with their October days,
When above the gorgeous forest hung an amethystine
haze;
When the distant hills were purple, and the round
horizon's rim
Seemed set with ruby jewels, and with golden wing to
swim;
When the maple trees were flaming and the beeches a
pale yellow,
The nut-burrs bursting open and the blue grapes grow-
ing mellow;
When the moist earth gave out fragrance to the press-
ure of the feet,
And the crimson leaves down-drifting, rustled round
him sadly sweet!
Then the swift and bright-eyed squirrel stuffed his puffy
cheeks out round,
And went journeying all day long over the nut-scat-
tered ground.
And the river, broad and bright,
Lit with sparkles like the night,
Flowed on in dreamy splendor, blue, and starred with
silver light,
Then the magnificent prairie, on the river's farther
side,
Put off its summer softness of grasses emerald-dyed.
All times across it rolled
Billows of swelling gold,
With brilliant flowers crested, like a maiden's sparkling
eyes;
While ever and anon a tree did like a sea-god rise,
Holding his fire-crowned head
Above his wavy bed.
There herds of mighty buffaloes trampled the yellow
grass—
The tremble of their rushing did like an earthquake
pass:
The wind-waved prairie rides
Round their unwieldy sides.
They seem swimming in a sunset sea and bathed in
savage joy,
As the air they loudly snuff,
And their manes float wild and rough.
There is that in their uncouthness which frights the
gentle boy;
Still he loved their terrible might, for to Nature's
cherished child
A charm was in the strength that frowned, as in the
beauty that smiled.